

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 64. MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

THE CEDAR CHEST;

OR, THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS,

By **GEORGE ALMAR, Esq.**

Author of *The Clerk of Clerkenwell*, *Pedlar's Acre*,
 And *The Tower of Nesle*

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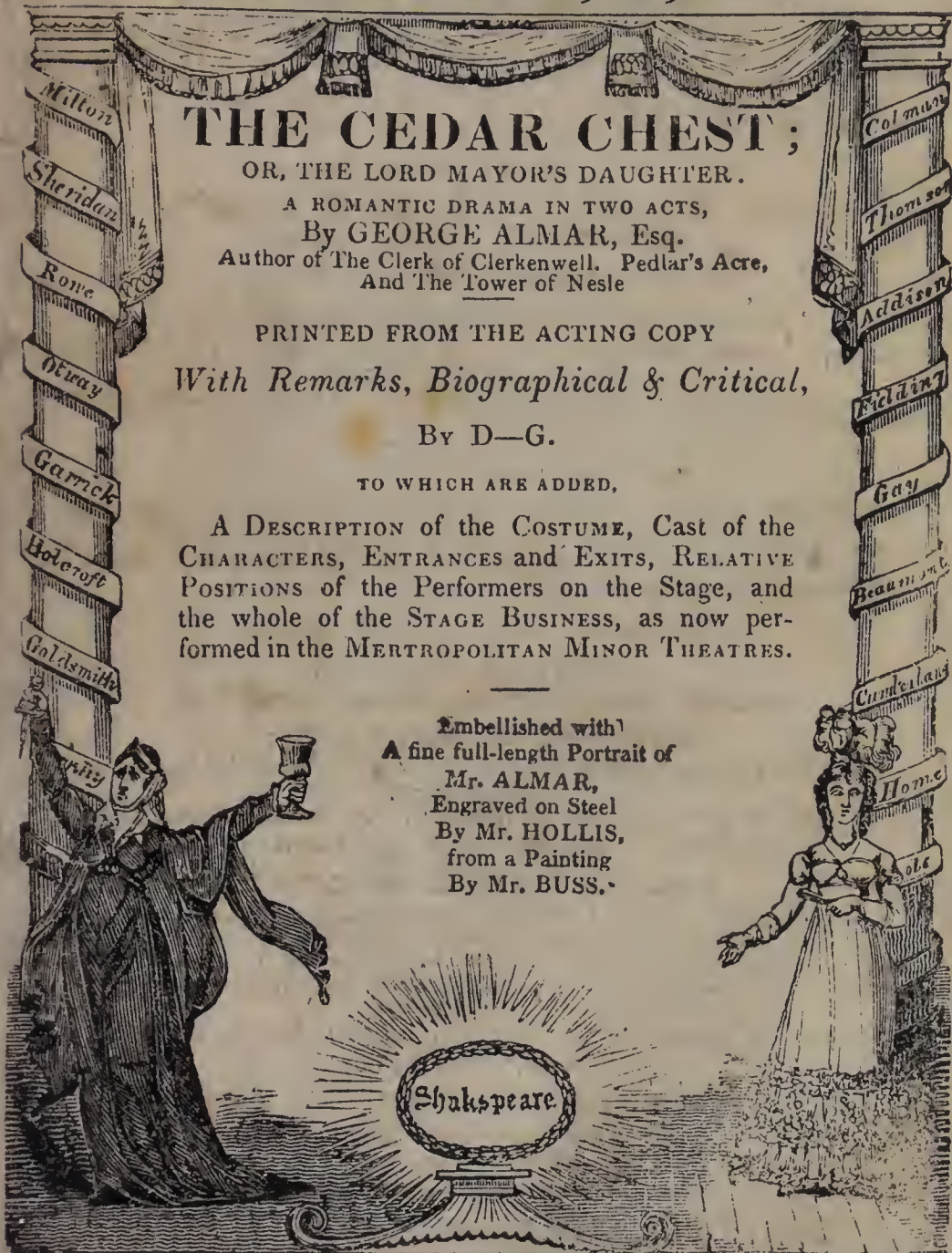
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
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A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Two Acts.

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OR, THE GOLDEN POPPY:

A MASQUE, OR WATER PAGEANT, IN ONE ACT,

BY GEORGE ALMAR, ESQ.

*Author of The Battle of Sedgemoor, Tower of Nesle, The Charcoal Burner,
Robber of the Rhine, Clerk of Clerkenwell, Fire Raiser, The Shadow,
Pedlar's Acre, The Good-Looking Fellow, Don Quixote,
The Rover's Bride, Lucrece Borgia, &c.*

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. G. ALMAR,
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REMARKS.

The Cedar Chest; or, the Lord Mayor's Daughter.

AMONG the many annuals of the present day, one of the most amusing is, My Lord Mayor's Show. Unlike the old lady who cared nothing about it, for she had seen *hundreds* of them, we should consider the time out of joint, and November out of season, in the absence of the *new mayor* and *old Guy*. The pageant, too, has its moral—we behold the mutability of sublunary things in the meek resignation of departed greatness, yielding up his pride of place to the alderman ascendant, contemplating with dignified stoicism the wondering gaze and vociferous plaudits that greet his successor, and submitting to the sad necessity of being drawn by animals upon *four* legs instead of upon *two*.

Besides, what so likely to dispel the gloom of November as this joyous festival? Cæsar was warned to beware of the ides of March; and are not the fogs of this murky month equally ominous to the London citizen? If, then, by some culinary magic, he can be induced to cram his throat rather than cut it; to feast himself instead of the worms; to prefer a jig at Guildhall to the dance of death in the shades below; shall we not drink prosperity and perpetuity to my Lord Mayor's Show?

Mark the windows, filled with young and smiling gazers, enrap-tured with the gilded pageant, the gorgeous banners,

“The men in armour, bearded like a pard—
The city-marshals, captains of the guard”—

the aldermen, with scarlet gowns and faces, the towering plumes and blazing topazes of the fair aristocracy of Cheapside and the Poultry—the state coach, (fresh gold upon stale gingerbread!)

“And then the *new-made mayor*! the full-moon'd train,
Bow, smile, huzza—he bows and smiles again
While, ‘little more than kin, and less than kind,’
The *old*, quite chap-fallen, follows slow behind.”

Contemplate the coachman in all the plumpness, pomp, and verdure of prime feeding, wig, and bouquet!—his countenance, reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having (conjointly with the postilion, a noticeable man with velvet cap and jockey boots) the important charge of six high-spirited and stately horses,

chafing and champing on the bits by which their impetuosity is restrained; arching their proud necks, and dashing in all directions the white foam from their mouths, vain of the distinguished honour of drawing a mayor! And if to all this we add the banquet, that might tempt the cynic Diogenes, and blow him up to such a pitch of obesity, that, instead of living in a tub, a tub might be said to live in *him*—may we not assert, that London, without its lord mayor's show, would be like a solitary bachelor:

A clerk without a Coeker,
 A door without a knocker,
 A rhyme without a riddle,
 A bow without a fiddle,
 A purse without a rap, or,
 A bell without a clapper?

Certain utilitarians and *cui-bono* men affect to ridicule this ancient civic festival, on the score of its burlesque parade, tawdry trappings, right-royally ridiculous! and gross gluttony—as if the worthy corporation of London were the only gourmands who had offered sacrifices to Apicius, and died martyrs to good living! We have been at some pains to peep into the dining-parlours of the ancients, and from innumerable examples of gastronomy, have selected the following, which will prove that the epicures of the olden time were not a whit behind-hand in taste and voracity with their brethren of the new:—

The emperor *Septimus Severus* died of eating and drinking too much. *Valentinianus* went off in a surfeit. *Lucullus* being asked one day by his attendant, what company he had invited to his feast, seeing so many dainties prepared, answered, “*Lucullus* shall dine with *Lucullus*!” *Vitellius Spinter* was so much given to gluttony, that at one supper he was served with two thousand several kinds of fishes, and with seven thousand flying fowl. *Maximilian* devoured, in one day, forty pounds of solid meat, which he washed down with a hogshead of wine. The emperor *Geta* continued his festival for three days, and his dainties were introduced in alphabetical order. *Philoxenes* wished he had a neck like a crane, that the delicious morsels might be long in going down. *Lucullus*, at a costly feast he gave to certain ambassadors of Asia, among other trifles, took to his own cheek a griph, (query *Griffin*?) boiled, and a fat goose in paste. *Hercules* and *Lepreas* had a friendly contest, which could, in quickest time, eat up a whole ox; *Hercules* won, and then challenged his adversary to a drinking bout, and again beat him hollow.

If the *Stoic* held that the goal of life is death, and that we live but to learn to die—if the *Pythagorean* believed in the transmigration of souls, and scrupled to shoot a woodcock lest he should dispossess the spirit of his grandam—how much more rational was the doctrine


of the *Epicurean* (after such a goodly catalogue of gormandizers) that there was *no judgment to come*.

propos des bottes! The Lord Mayor's Daughter claims our attention, and we hasten to pay her our devoirs.

Richard Gresham, Lord Mayor of London in the time of the eighth Harry, has arrived at the last day of his splendid annual. His daughter, in order to console him for the loss of his title, commissions the celebrated Hans Holbein to paint a picture of a noble party flying the falcon, intending it as a present to the ex-mayor. Hans lights upon a good figure and face for his hero in the person of Carnaby Clare, alias Cutpurse—(Query, any relation of the renowned *Moll?*)—a youth suspected of being one of the troop of *Files, Bulkers,* and *Bung-nippers* (as they were then called), who, if they found no opportunity of picking the pockets of those on foot, would pick out the pin of the wheel of that coach in which there were only ladies, and when the wheel dropped off would politely tender their services to hand them out, not omitting to appropriate whatever moveables they could lay their hands on as a trifling recompense for their gallantry. The picture is about to receive its finishing touch, when the young lady pays Hans a visit; and, being struck with the singular agreeableness of the hero, anxiously inquires if the painter had drawn him from life, or his own imagination? "The latter, of course!" replies the arch Fleming. This extracts from her a confession that, had the original existed in form and substance—a promising sapling—a flourishing stem in the tree of offending Adam—he would stand a fair chance of becoming the son-in-law of Alderman Gresham. This alarms the female colour-grinder, a native of *False-Belief*, the metropolis of the province of the *Jealous*, situate on the summit of Mount *Chimera*, and watered by the river *Anxiety*, whose deep yellow stream serves the inhabitants as a deceitful mirror, and fills their heads with strange fancies, by representing things to them in quite a different manner to what they are in reality. This virago "flares up," and proclaims Carnaby her flame! And the Lord Mayor's daughter, pretending to be very angry, leaves the house, and strictly orders that the picture shall forthwith be conveyed to her bedchamber. Listeners seldom hear much *good* of themselves: but the proverb is reversed in the case of Carnaby Cutpurse, who, concealed behind the unfinished effigy of some grim, high-ruffled dignitary, becomes more in humour with himself than ever, and resolves to profit by his fortunate discovery. Now, Chancer Gascoyne, a dissipated noble, and follower of the royal Bully-rock, by means of a silken rope-ladder, has intruded himself into the chamber of Miss Mary Gresham; the Alderman's heavy foot is heard upon the stairs, and the young lady, to save her reputation, persuades the gallant to secrete himself in a cedar chest. The lid is closed upon him, and just as the prosing Mayor had spun his long

yarn and retired, Chancer, having suffered much from *oppression in the chest*, is taken out for dead, and his burial is confided to Carnaby, who has also found means to enter the room upon the sly. In a drunken fit, he lays a wager with one Rob Rudderman, that he will introduce the Lord Mayor's daughter into the polite purlieus of Alsatia, and make her confess she loves him. This likely affair is no sooner said than done; when Rob, entertaining some reasonable doubts of the lady's identity, attempts to lift her veil. She stabs him—Carnaby proclaims himself the murderer, is taken into custody by the City Watch, and consigns the lady to the care of the suddenly resuscitated and supposed suffocated Chancer Gascoyne. He is arraigned before the Lord Mayor, who, wishing to make a parting flourish of his expiring dignity, sits like the picture of St. George on the sign post, with his sword ready to fall on the prisoner. At this moment, his daughter rushes forward, and is about to turn king's-evidence against herself, when a deposition arrives from the deceased ruffian, clearing Carnaby of the present transaction, as also of a former one that had procured for him the alias of *Cutpurse*, and setting forth that he (Rob) is the notorious thief, incendiary, and outlaw, Oliver Armstrong, for whose head five hundred marks are offered! Mary claims and touches the reward; Carnaby becomes an honest and a married man. Trumpets sound, and drums rattle; a water-pageant succeeds—in which King *Volcano*, monarch of Mount Etna, with his demons and fire army, a red-hot battalion of copper-coloured fiends, after sundry fierce combats with the aquatic spirits, are foiled and beaten; and the Water-King, attended by his naiades, to cool himself after so warm a conflict, retires to his submarine silver palace under the sea—a luxury that we most heartily envied his majesty, with the thermometer at ninety.

Mr. Almar is the successful author of this “grand, novel, and dramatic spectacle,” which has been produced at Sadler's Wells with a splendour hitherto unattempted at a minor theatre, under the judicious direction and superintendence of Mr. R. Honner.

 D.—G.


MEMOIR OF MR. GEORGE ALMAR.

A HANGMAN may be said to lead a contemplative life, because he never goes to work, but he is put in mind of his own end ; and the biographer, when he pens a memoir, cannot but reflect that what *he* is then doing for another will one day be done for *him*. O for an actor who would afford us ample scope for narration ! A *James Spiller*, *Joe Haines*, or a famously notorious *Mat Coppinger*, once a *player* in Bartholemew Fair and since turned Bully of the town, with his life, conversation, birth, education, pranks, projects, and exploits ! who, receiving sentence of death at the Old Bailey, was hanged at Tyburn on the 27th of February, 1695 !—We sigh for a hero of the true breed—a chief of the *maunding* and *prigging* crew, that when he died (which was seldom otherwise than by the halter), the fraternity met and elected the stoutest *Ruffler* of the company for his successor,—to sit as president of the council, to direct them best how to secure themselves from justices, constables, and such like vermin, to levy tribute on the farmers' pigs and poultry, and if a goose fell in their way, to make him so wise, as never to be taken for a goose again ! Upon such a hero—for our appetite for adventure is as sharp as a Turkish scimitar—we would shower down as many benedictions as will stand between Temple-bar and Westminster !

Alas ! for the Biographer whose hero is only *respectable*.—Fuseli, seeing his wife in a terrible passion one day, said “Swear, my love, swear heartily ! you know not how much it will ease you !” and we burn vehemently to anathematise Mr. George Almar, because his life partakes so little of *Vagabondo* and romance. A physician (says Voltaire) is an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day requested to perform a miracle,—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance ; and a biographer is accounted a dull fellow, if, out of a monotonous plodding existence, he cannot vamp up something marvellous. Sheridan was dining one day at Peter Moore's ; the servant, in passing quickly between the guests and the fire-place, knocked down the plate-warmer, which made a loud rattle ; Peter, provoked at this, exclaimed, “I suppose, rascal ! you have broken all the plates.” “No, Sir,” replied the servant, “not one.”—“Not one !”

vociferated Sheridan, “ then, d—n it, you have made all the noise *for nothing* ! ”—The reader will apply the anecdote, when, after having sounded this lengthened note of preparation, we simply inform him that Mr. Almar is the son of a once opulent merchant, who, on the sudden transition from war to peace, found that he had lost all but his honour. At the age of twenty-two, he was on the point of embarking for India, when chance threw him into the pit of the Coburg. It occurred to him that, though his reception on the boards might not be *quite* so warm as that which awaited him in a tropical climate, a theatrical experiment could do no harm.—Hence he became an author : his piece was accepted by Mr. Bengough, the acting manager, and himself admitted to make his debut in the Sentinel, a trifling part that he had solicited to play, in order to try his strength and overcome the terrors of a first representation. The Critics endured, the Gods were indulgent, and an engagement as actor and author was the result. From the Coburg Mr. Almar transferred his services to the West London ; peopling the drama with a new race of cut-throats of his own creation, and playing every variety of character. Subsequently he enlisted under the banners of the late Mr. Elliston, at the Surrey, who at his death bequeathed him (with the rest of the company) as a legacy to his son Charles. The reins of government falling into the hands of Mr. Osbaldiston, he continued under his command to draw his sword and good audiences, till the pleasant vicinity and enlightened patrons of *Sadlers’ Wells* lured him to his present speculation, which, we are happy to say, has succeeded beyond his expectations.

Mr. Almar was born in the year 1802, at Mistley Thorn, on the banks of the Stour, in Essex.—His education is liberal, and considering that at an early age, with precarious prospects and blighted expectations, he was thrown entirely on his own resources, his conduct has been praiseworthy, and his professional advancement satisfactory.

 D.—G

Costume

CARNABY CUTPURSE.—*First dress*: Rich puce-coloured velvet shirt, fringed and braided with gold—orange-coloured satin arms and vest—leno characteristic sleeves—rose-coloured scarf—red leggings with embroidered clocks—broad brim white satin hat, and heron feathers—black sandal shoes—broad belt—gold buckle—dagger.—*Second dress*: Yellow cloth shirt trimmed with black—fleshings—black sandal shoes—yellow cap trimmed with black.

RICHARD GRESHAM.—Black shirt trimmed with ermine—crimson gown embroidered with gold—red leggings.

CHAUCER GASCOYNE.—Buff shape slashed with crimson—hat to correspond—white leggings—russet shoes.

ROB THE RUDDERMAN.—Scarlet shirt with City arms richly emblazoned upon the vest—red bonnet—feather—red leggings—russet shoes.

HANS HOLBEIN.—Black shirt—trunks trimmed with red—russet shoes.

PAMBO FEATHERGOOSE.—Motley fool's dress, of a peculiar cut and party-colour appearance—cap and bells—leggings of different colours—sandal shoes.

MARK MINNOW.—*First dress*: Dark blue shirt trimmed with red—guernsey frock—fleshings—net cap—sandal shoes.—*Second dress*: Crimson doublet and trunks.

BARNABY.—Shape of blue and silver.

MARY GRESHAM.—Crimson velvet train dress—white satin and gold petticoat—coif of red velvet.

MAUDE.—White muslin dress trimmed with white satin—apron—wreath of white roses.

GRACE.—Slate-coloured dress trimmed with pink.

THE PAGEANT.

VOLCANO.—Red shirt—breast-plate—crimson legs and arms—bracelets—crimson crown—yellow sandals.

QUICKSAND and WATERSPOUT.—Green shirts—flesh arms and leggings—coronets.

CORAL CROWN, THE WATER KING.—Blue shirt and silver—blue scarf trimmed with silver shells—coronet shaped like a dolphin of burnished gold and silver—flesh-coloured arms—green sandals.

THE LADY LUMINA.—Scarlet and gold petticoat and robe—jewelled tiara.

WATER NYMPHS.—White green with coral ornaments—coronets the same—yellow shirt—flesh leggings.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at Sadler's Wells Theatre, July 14, 1834.

<i>Richard Gresham (Lord Mayor of London)</i>	Mr. Campbell.
<i>Chaucer Gascoyne (a dissipated Noble, and follower of Harry the Eighth)</i>	} Mr. Archer.
<i>Carnaby Clare, or Carnaby Cutpurse (Son to a Goldsmith)</i>	
<i>Rob the Rudderman (Steersman to the Lord Mayor's Barge)</i>	} Mr. R. Honner.
<i>Hans Holbein (a Painter)</i>	
<i>Sheriff Lancaster</i>	Mr. Dunn.
<i>Sheriff Lancaster</i>	Mr. Wilson.
<i>Harold Bell, the Cat (an Alsatian)</i>	Mr. C. J. Smith.
<i>Tim (the Tinker)</i>	Mr. Dixie.
<i>Mathew</i>	Mr. Elsgood.
<i>Nick Reckless</i>	Mr. Richardson.
<i>Black Bill</i>	Mr. T. Dunn.
<i>Pambo Feathergoose (the Lord Mayor's Fool)</i>	Mr. W. Smith.
<i>Barnaby Feathergoose (his Son)</i>	Mr. Suter.
<i>Mark Minnow (a Lea Fisherman)</i>	Mr. Macarthy.
<i>Mary Gresham (the Lord Mayor's Daughter)</i>	Miss Macarthy.
<i>Grace Rudderly (Sister to Rob)</i>	Mrs. Lewis.
<i>Maud (Daughter to Mark Minnow)</i>	Miss Langley.

CAST IN THE WATER PAGEANT.

<i>Volcano (King of Mount Etna)</i>	} FIRE DEMONS.	Mr. R. Honner.
<i>Iron Spark (his attendant Demon)</i>		Mr. C. J. Smith.
<i>Lava</i>		Mr. Richardson.
<i>Desolation</i>		Mr. T. Dunn.
<i>Coral Crown (the Water Spirit)</i>	} WATER SPIRITS.	Mr. G. Almar.
<i>Quicksand, of the Goblin Cave</i>		Mr. Elsgood.
<i>Water Spout (a Fiend of the Billow)</i>		Mr. Dunn.
<i>Sea Lion</i>		Mr. Dixie.
<i>Eft</i>		Master Andrews.
<i>Water Lizard</i>		Mr. Harvey.
<i>Samphire</i>	} NAIADES.	Mr. Cook.
<i>Granite Rock</i>		Mr. Colbourn.
<i>Sea Pearl</i>		Miss Leoni.
<i>Coral Shell</i>		Miss Allen.
<i>Nautilus</i>		Miss Lee.
<i>Sand Sparkle</i>	}	Miss Silver.
<i>Greenweed</i>		Mrs. Dunn.

THE CEDAR CHEST;

OR, THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Hans Holbein's Atelier or Study—an open arch-way, C. F., with a staircase supposed to lead to apartments above—a table, with a sword, gauntlet, colours, &c.—a large picture against the flat, near R. U. E.*

HANS HOLBEIN *discovered sitting at his easel, near R. S. E., painting a group of figures, representing a Falconer and Party*—GRACE *standing beside him making lace.*

Hans. Grace, marry—much grace have I at such a time to pend my temper up. Is he coming down, or is he not?

Grace. [*Going to the stairs and calling.*] Are you coming down, Carnaby?

Car. [*From above.*] I havn't shaved me, yet.

Hans. A pretty model hast thou brought me, slattern

Grace. As times and seasons go, I think as thou dost.

Hans. On inquiry, I find him to be Carnaby Clare, son of old Clare, the wealthy skinner, who bought of me one of my rarest pictures.

Grace. And who said nay to it; not I, for certain.

Hans. A fellow discarded by his father, a man of greater wealth than whom lives not within Old London Wall, and who is, besides—

Grace. An unnatural old brute!

Hans. His son is a robber and a rogue—

Grace. Hold, I say nay to that—

Hans. Who, at Horn Fair, cut from the girdle of a knight a purse of eighty crowns, and thereby gained the cognomen of Cutpurse Carnaby.

Grace. 'Tis false—all false, each word of it—the world said that he did—I say that he did not; and if he did—didn't his father make fair restitution? [*Crossing to the table, L., and taking up a knife.*] If you deny it, I'll throw this

bottle of black paint over that blue sky, and stab to death, with the pallet knife, that gentleman with the brown beard upon his ehin.

Hans. Thunder and lightning, here's a storm! dost know for whom this painting is intended?

Grace. Know—full well I know; for Mary Gresham, the Lord Mayor's daughter. Her father goes out of office, and to-morrow is the new Lord Mayor's day; I and Carnaby are going to see the water pageant, and the sports upon the Thames.

Hans. I will no further lose my time to brawl with thee. [*The clock chimes.*] Hark to the bell of Bow—I'll to work in earnest. This being a picture of eommission, must be despatched quickly, for the lady will herself be here, and we must not let the Lord Mayor's daughter wait—forbid it, gallantry. [*Calling.*] Ho! fellow, come down.

Grace. Yes, come down and be painted, Carnaby.

MUSIC.—*Enter* CARNABY CUTPURSE, *hastily*, c. f.

Car. [*Rushing down, c.*] Well, here I am, a murrain on ye, not to allow a gentleman good time to make his toilette. [*Turning to Grace.*] Ah, wench, give me a sixpence, and thou shalt kiss me.

Grace. (L. c.) Pay first the parson, and then the kiss shall follow.

Hans. Why, ruffian, thou stridest about in that rich dress of value, as if it were thy own.

Car. No, I do not, for if it were my own I should take more eare of it.

Hans. Dost know from whence it eame?

Car. No, nor do I eare.

Hans. It was worn by the Lord Fitz-Walter, of Baynard Castle, in the presenee of the King.

Car. And now it is worn by—the Lord knows who, in the presenee of Hans Holbein.

Hans. I borrowed it to paint thee from, and to form a group; yes, 'twas lent me by the gentle lord himself.

Car. Say ye? then shall I expeet an extra coin for disgracing myself to wear seecnd-hand clothes. [*Calling, L.*] Ho! a mug of ale.

Hans. What! drink in the morning; thou'lt never be able to beecome my model and stand steady, if you drink.

Car. I never ean stand steady unless I'm unsteady, and most am sober always when most drunk—my mug.

[*Grace gives him a flagon.*] Ugh ! hast thou been stealing the vermilion out of old Hans' colour-box, or is't the paint of nature a beard will not rub off. This, wench, to try.

[*Kisses her.*]

Hans. [*Rising.*] Come, no misgoings on or misdoings here.

Car. Sweetest Grace, that lovely face—

Hans. If you advance another step, I'll knock you to the ground, varlet, with the colour-grinder. In one word, if you don't stand as you did yesterday, you receive no money from me to-morrow.

Grace. And then you won't be able to treat me to a sight of the water pageant, Carnaby.

Car. [*Retiring up, c.*] Prepare your sign-board. I'm ready. Well, why don't you go on. I'm standing, an't I ?

Hans. But how are you standing ?

Car. On my two legs ; how should I stand ?

Hans. As yesterday. [*Taking a sword and gauntlet off the table, r.*] Here, put on this gauntlet, and take this sword in thy hand ; suppose in thy mind thou hadst a falcon on thy wrist, think there's a heron in the sky, and you cast the falcon off. Pause ye yet ?—consider thou art poaching.

Car. Poaching—now I comprehend ! Fly, falcon, fly ! Hellish bird ! [*Chord—Casting off the bird in supposition, and seeming to follow its career through the air.*] Will that do for thee ?

Hans. [*In rapture.*] Good ! Be still and stir not.

Car. I won't. [*Hans begins painting earnestly—Carnaby becomes restless.*] Grace, good wench, give me the ale-pot. [*He drinks—she is about to take it back again.*] I thank thee—no, 'tis better as it is, and adds to the expression.

[*He holds the mug out ludicrously*]

Hans. [*Looking up.*] Why, thou—What shall I call thee ? [*The bell rings without, l.*] Who's at the gate ?

Grace. [*Looking off, l.*] The Lady Mary Gresham, the Lord Mayor's daughter.

Hans. [*To Carnaby.*] Get thee behind this picture thou must not see her—nay, nor thyself be seen.

Car. [*Anxiously.*] Is she handsome ?

Hans. [*Impatiently.*] Get thee behind the picture.

[*Forces him behind it—Music.*]

Mary. [*Without, l.*] Master Hans Holbein ! Good gentle limner, may I come in ?

Hans. Grace, lift the latchet.

[*Music.*]

Grace. [*Going to the door, l.*] Enter, lady.

Enter MARY GRESHAM, L. D.

Mary. Good morrow! Is it done?

Hans. I have but to deepen the shadows, and the picture is completed.

Mary. I am glad to hear thee say so, for I require the picture as a gift to my good father, Richard Gresham, who quits the state of London Mayor, and sinks again into the sweet ease of private life. Wilt thou let me see it?

Hans. Willingly.

Car. [*Popping his head through a hole in the picture.*] Gentle and beautiful, by Gog and Magog!

Mary. Excellent! Thou hast taken much pains and trouble, and there is double what I offered thee. [*Giving money.*] But answer me, good Holbein, where didst thou find that richly-clad falconer, who but just now seems to have released the falcon from her jesses into the air.

Hans. Mean you the centre figure?

Car. [*Aside.*] She means me.

Mary. Is it from nature, or ideal? If that the thought be thine, it is a golden thought, and much it honours thee.

Hans. [*Aside.*] So, I must fib to the Lord Mayor's daughter; she would respect me little to know I found my hero from a ruffian model.

Mary. You answer not. Must I repeat the question—Lives the original of that form, or is it but ideal?

Hans. A sketch of the fancy, and ideal.

Car. [*Aside.*] I've an idea that's a lie.

Mary. [*Sighing.*] I'm glad he lives not.

Car. [*Aside.*] The devil you are!

Grace. (L. c.) But why so, lady, may I be so bold?

Car. [*Aside.*] That is precisely what I should like to know.

Mary. (c.) Are we lonely?

Hans. (R. c.) Quite alone.

Mary. Lonely or public, where guilt is not, there can be little shame, and I will frankly tell my weakness. If the creature thy imagination has given life and colour to had life and breath, I should love it tenderly.

Hans. You jest with me, your poor servant.

Mary. Not I. Not for its features or its form I love it.

Hans. What then?

Mary. A woman cannot tell the why and the wherefore, or the cause that robs her of her heart: she only knows she loves. So, to my shame and weakness be it spoken, if soul

could enter that superficial outline, mine would mingle with it.

Grace. Bless me, if my lady hasn't fallen in love with my Carnaby!

Mary. Your Carnaby?

Grace. Yes, my Carnaby!

Car. [*Aside.*] Devil a bit of Carnaby am I of thine!

Grace. Yes; and I won't give him up! The banns have been published at St. Mary Overy, and if he don't marry me I'll marry him.

Mary. [*Sternly.*] Hans Holbein, thou hast deceived me.

Hans. I meant it only for the time; thou shouldst have had the truth ere you departed: nay, bend not that ivory brow, there can be little harm.

Mary. I know not that a false word has fired a palace—a stroke of the pen signs a death-warrant. Suppose that man, who lives—suppose——ah, awful thought! he had been here to hear me. Methought I saw that canvass shake in the corner; but it, no doubt, was fancy. Shame on ye to extort a thought from a virgin heart that should be secret.

Hans. You take this more to the soul than there is need on, lady.

Mary. I do not: a woman cannot too securely guard her virtue; therefore, good Hans, I do not love this man; I said it, as you said you say, in jest. No, no, I will have no remembrance of him or of my folly further; so send the picture carefully to my house. You see by my tears how angry I am grown. Anger and love, like fire and water, mix; so, logically, love I not. But send the picture home—the picture, Hans—the picture!

[*Music—Exit hastily, L.—Carnaby comes forward, c.—*

Grace advances, and endeavours to gain his attention as he walks to and fro hurriedly.

Grace. Carnaby! dear Carnaby! what is the matter?

Car. The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me!

Grace. But won't you marry me?

Car. The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me. [*Going, L.*

Grace. But, Carnaby!

Hans. Villain!

Car. The villain I cast back with this! [*Throws breeches in Hans' face.*] The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me.

[*Music—Exeunt, L.*

SCENE II.—*A View of the Lea River and Bridge, near London.*

Enter PAMBO FEATHERGOOSE, *the Lord Mayor's Fool*, R.

Pam. [*Singing.*] For green is the grass, and green the wood,
Like the Lord Mayor's fool, I love all that's
good!

Fine weather this for folly and fowling. I'll go and set my clap-nets, and look out for a flight of pigeons. This day my eldest and only son is going to be married, and eare may go to the devil. [*Singing.*

Blankets and pins, blankets and pins,
When a man marries his sorrow begins!

Pshaw, that couplet is somewhat out of place, and I am putting my foot into the mud of mischief over my ancle. Boy Barnaby, where art thou?

Enter BARNABY, L.

Bar. (L. c.) Here I am, father.

Pam. (c.) And what hast thou been doing, Barnaby?

Bar. Trying on the breeches, father, that you were married in, but they are too big for me.

Pam. No matter, so as you don't allow your wife to wear 'em. Now, Barnaby, beloved boy! hold up thy head, and remember thou art the son to the Lord Mayor's fool.

Bar. Yes; and we are as like each other as two green gooseberries—all the world say that of us, father.

Pam. Green gooseberries—a sour simile; yet hold up thy head, and thou shalt have the benefit of my advice in matters matrimonial.—Imprimis, should your wife say "Yes," do thou say "No," and it will prove——

Bar. What, father?

Pam. That thou art of an opposite opinion—in secundo, never kick her out of thy bed, unless it be in the summer heats, and thou findest her company unpleasant.

Bar. No, father.

Pam. And, lastly, and in tertio, never beat thy wife, for I never did myself—unless she did deserve it. Now, go and prepare thyself for the wedding, and I'll go into the fields and get thee a dinner. Depart, lad, and show thy exquisite taste in embellishing thy person; put a sun-flower into thy button-hole, and make thyself handsome.

Bar. I will, father.

Pam. And a tulip into thy hat.

Bar. Yes, father.

Pam. With roses of rosettes into thy shoes.

Bar. Oh, yes, father!

Pam. But as thou art going to be married, put not an onion into thy mouth.

Bar. Oh, no, father! [Exit, L.]

Pam. So here comes Mark Minnow, the bride's father. I marvel what he will dower his daughter with. He was always a pinching, miserly old hunk, and I don't doubt he has lots of golden marks shut up in some box or other; as for myself, I have no other property than my fool's dress, coxcomb, a clap-net, and a cabbage-garden. I'll put it to him.

Enter MARK MINNOW, L. U. E., with a boat-hook on his shoulder.

Ah, Mark — good Mark — benevolent Mark — handsome Mark! a sunshiny day to thee.

Mark. The same to thee, Master Pambo, fine weather this for catching eels.

Pam. Yes, with a hook—fine weather for catching jack-daws.

Mark. Yes, with a flutter. [*Aside.*] Jack-daws! what does he mean by that? I don't like his talking about the feathery tribe, it seems so downy.

Pam. [*Aside.*] I don't like to hear him talk about catching eels, it seems so slippery. [*To Mark.*] Beloved brother, for when all men are brothers, may I not call thee brother?

Mark. Thou can'st not call me thy sister.

Pam. To continue, what dost thou give thy daughter on this her wedding-day?

Mark. By my oar and paddle, I was thinking of the self-same thing, one would almost suppose it was sympathy—and as the pot won't boil without fuel to heat the water, what do you mean to give your son?

Pam. All the personal attractions of his father.

Mark. Indeed, then I give to my daughter all the personal attractions of her mother; and, as I don't stick at trifles, I throw my own personal advantages into the bargain. So, by consequence, I am twice as liberal as thou art; besides, now it strikes me, I'm rather disposed to give her an estate.

Pam. Don't say you are disposed, but say you'll do it.

Mark. I will, and I give her all that part of the shore extending all the distance from Rotherhithe to Chelsea Reach.

Pam. Immaculate Mark Minnow, thou art a very whale of wealth, and Cræsus was a fool to thee,—the land from Rotherhithe to Chelsea Reach.

Mark. I did not say the land, but all the fishes congregating on the shores thereof, such as the chub and the salmon, the whale and the periwinkle, the sprat, the red herring, and all other kinds of shell-fish when in proper season.

Pam. But how is he to catch 'em?

Mark. Catch 'em! with a hook.

Pam. Come, that's liberal, and as one good turn deserves another, I give to my son eight hundred acres of meadow land.

Mark. Meadow land?

Pam. Not exactly the land itself, but all the birds that may fly over, such as the parrot of Madagascar, the humming-bird of the Indies—

Mark. Yes, I sec thou'rt humming me.

Pam. The heron of the Floridas, the nightingale of Arcadia, the scare-crow of the corn-field, with a large quantity of bullfinches, chaffinches, tomtits, peewits, waterwag-tails, cocks and hens, and jennywrens.

Mark. But how is she to catch 'em, I must utter.

Pam. Not with a hook, but with a flutter.

Mark. Umph! I'll go and bait my eel-pots, to make the bride an eel pie.

Pam. And I'll go and pull my nets to catch the bride a pigeon.

Mark. I say, Master Towler, "Old birds can't be caught with chaff."

Pam. I say, Master Minnow, thou art a nice, pleasant, unsophisticated sort of a man.

Min. Yes, I am, "with a hook."

Pam. [*Aside.*] An old rascal, with a flutter.

[*Exit Pambo, R., Mark, L. U. E.*]

Enter BARNABY and MAUDE, in wedding dresses, L.

Mau. (L. C.) Now, isn't my dress a pretty dress, Barnaby? it is what my mother was married in. Thou canst not suppose how many, many times I have looked at it every week for these four years, and how often I have taken it out of the box and hung it upon a peg, lest the moths should

eat it. There, stand you there, while I turn round and show you the whole of it. Beautiful, isn't it?

Bar. (c). An't it a little old-fashioned.

Mau. Old-fashioned! I tell thee 'tis the new cut; it's only five and fifty years since my mother last wore it.

Bar. It's now eleven, by Bow clock, and at twelve we are to be married. Ah, what happiness to live always together, from morning till night.

Mau. Yes, and from night to morning, too; my heart goes pit-a-pat, and seems as lively as a fiddle.

Bar. And mine dances to it; every thing smiles upon us, even the season—so sing to me thy song about the silver summer and the golden weather:—

SONG—MAUDE,

Golden weather, golden weather, in the silver summer time,
When our flocks, like pearly gems, gem the green.

I'll meet thee by the tree,

Whose branches you may see,

At the spot where—you know where I mean.

Golden weather, golden weather, in the yellow autumn time,
As a bride with a blush, thou'lt be seen.

And I'll meet thee by the tree,

Whose branches you may see,

Near a church—where—you know where I mean.

Silver weather, silver weather, in the soft and springy time,
When our children shall sport upon the green.

We'll sit beneath that tree,

Whose branches you may see,

Near our cot, where—you know where I mean.

Wintry weather—wintry weather, in the cold and chilly time,
When our flocks no more spangle the green.

We'll be buried by that tree,

Whose branches you may see,

In one grave, where—you know where I mean. [Exeunt, L.

Re-enter PAMBO, R.

Pam. No one is following—no one has seen me, let me look at my prey. [*Discovers a pigeon, to which is attached a ribbon and a ruby ring.*] A magnificent ruby ring, attached to the neck of this innocent humble pigeon. Eh! who goes there? Some one comes. This is good fortune with a flutter—but I must shut up my pigeon in the cage, my secret in my heart, and my ruby in my pocket.

[*Puts the pigeon off R. into a cage.*

Re-enter MARK MINNOW, L. U. E.

Mark. Well, neighbour, have you caught the second course yet? I have a beautiful first for the frying-pan.

Pam. [*Coldly.*] We will think of it further at our leisure, my good man.

Mark. [*Surprised.*] What dost thou mean by good man? I am no more good man than thou art.

Pam. Thou art a good fellow enough in thy way, though it be a bad way, and as thou canst not afford thy daughter a better portion than clear water, I wash my hands of this union altogether; for to ally thyself, inferior as thou art, to a family that have been lord mayors' fools for near a century, would only make thee uncomfortable, and subject thee to be insulted every Sunday evening, in the pot-houses.

Mark. Impossible! what, put off a marriage announced to the whole village?

Pam. What can be more easy than to say, postponed in consequence of indisposition.

Mark. And pray, who is your big-headed boy to marry?

Pam. The daughter of the receiver.

Mark. The receiver of stolen goods?

Pam. No, the tax-gatherer.

Mark. Ah, that's much about the same kind of office, only the name is different.

Pam. Don't be abusive, my good man, don't be abusive.

Mark. [*Threatening.*] I've a great mind to push my boat-hook into your eye.

Re-enter BARNABY and MAUDE, R.S.E.

Maude. (R). Dear, dear, Barnaby, if here isn't father and father-in-law quarrelling.

Pam. [*To Barnaby.*] Dost take this for Sunday, that thou dost incorporate thyself in my nuptial garments, sirrah?

Bar. (R. c). No, I take it for Monday week, father.

Pam. Go, put on thy working jacket.

Maude. What! wouldst marry me in a working jacket?

Mark. (L. c). Thou art not to be married at all, so get thee home, wench.

Maude. Not to be married when I've got my wedding clothes on; I have a great mind to throw myself into the water, that you may have to fish me up, father. [*Crosses to L.*

Mark. Pray don't, lest you break my net.

Maude. But I will, I'll die a mermaid, and come every night as a ghost, with my hair out of papers, a long fishes tail, and stand by your bedside, and frighten you out of your wits for your cruelty, that's what I will. [*Exit, L.*

Mark. Ah, I can't find words grand enough to express my tortured soul; but thou art as great a villain as the great Turkish hero, Virginus, who was basely murdered

by the hand of his own daughter, in the Italian city of Copenhagen.

Pam. Don't let me find thee, at moonlight, catching the vicar's finny tribe out of the fish-pond with a hook.

Mark. And don't let me catch thee robbing the hen-roost with a flutter. [Exit, L.]

Bar. (R.) What's the meaning of all this, father?

Pam. R. C. [Showing the ring.] It means, that I'm the master of this ruby ring.

Bar. It isn't a ruby ring.

Pam. It is a ruby ring.

Bar. I won't believe you till I handle it.

Pam. [Giving the ring.] There then.

Bar. [Holding up the ring, and gradually approaching the river.] And your possessing this ring is the real cause for my not marrying Maude.

Pam. It is.

Bar. [Close to the river, in a threatening attitude.] Will you consent—once!

Pam. No.

Bar. Twice!

Pam. No.

Bar. Thrice!

Pam. No.

Bar. Well, then, into the river it goes.

[Throws it into the water.]

Pam. [Seizing him.] And into the river you go after it.

[Throws him in—Music.]

Bar. I shall be drowned—Murder! Murder!

Pam. Oh! I have murdered my beloved son!

[He jumps into the river after him, and the scene closes hastily.]

SCENE III.—*Ancient Cheapside, with a View of the Spire of St. Mary, Aldermanbury.*

Enter LORD CHAUCER GASCOYNE, R.

Lord C. [Crossing to L. C.] Deep am I read in the lore of Lucifer, and deeper still in ink is my name writ down in the books of certain creditors. The gate of Newgate yawns for me; and often, in my dreams, I hear its hinges ereak as my plume waves under it. Chaucer Gaseoyne, is this a fate for thee? No, no; no iron shall fetter thy proud limbs but the bright cuirass! Yet, softly, lest the water of my mind run fleetier than my boast, and give my skill the lie. Mary Gresham! She is rich, and chaste too; there's

the devil! Now could I, by subtlety, connect her name with mine, so that the thing would seem as if she loved me, be it ere so little, I'd wind the thread so neatly round my finger, that to my arms a wife she would fall, and I should rise and prosper. But here comes one who, in my plot, may serve me. Give you good e'en, sweet gipsy!

Enter GRACE, L. S. E.

Grace. The same to thee, my lord.

Lord C. Thou hast kept thy appointment; there's guerdon for thee. *[Gives a purse.]*

Grace. Thank'e again, my lord.

Lord C. I have told thee, that I love to desperation Mary Gresham.

Grace. I dare to say thou dost—she is very rich. How can I serve thee?

Lord C. Thou workest in silk near the Old Bourse, by Richard Gresham's house. Is it not so, pretty one?

Grace. What, if I do?

Lord C. I am told that thou dost make portable ladders of silken cord, by which a gallant might ascend to a lady's balcony. Are such things in the market, if well paid for?

Grace. We keep them ready made for ready payment.

Lord C. Canst thou procure me one of these to-night?

Grace. Where shall I bring it?

Lord C. To the stone wall near the iron gate that's crested by the Gresham coat of arms.

Grace. Gracious! thou art not going to get into Mary Gresham's window?

Lord C. What if I do? the window is not thine.

Grace. Very true; and as it isn't mine, there can be no crime in it. But I'll tell you where my own is, and how thou mayst get in without a ladder.

Lord C. Wilt thou aid me, or wilt thou not?

Grace. I'll do it! Be thou there when the moon rises, and the ladder shall be with thee.

Lord C. Rise, gentle moon! then, Dian, hide thy face;
I rise to higher heaven, or sink to lower Grace!

[Exit, L.]

Grace. Yes, I'll aid him, to be revenged on Mary Gresham for robbing me of Carnaby, and then, perhaps, he may return to me. Oh. Carnaby!—wicked Carnaby!

Enter ROB, the Rudder-man, R.

Rob. In tears! How's this, my sister?

Grace. Carnaby !—ungrateful Carnaby !

Rob. I see it ; a love-quarrel 'tween thee. Good ; and it may be as well to have a feud before marriage, that it may be no new fashion after.

Grace. He will never marry ; or, if he do, not to the sister of Rob, the Rudder-man.

Rob. He shall marry, and to the sister of Rob, the Rudder-man ! Sister, thou knowest, and only thou, I look not what I seem, but am the outlaw, Oliver Armstrong, who broke from the Compter gaol and fired part of this city ! Thou knowest a reward is set upon my life, and he who brings my head to the Mayor of London, shall take for guerdon a fair twelve hundred marks ;—so grey-beards have decreed, thou mayst read their placard on the pump at Aldgate. And while the city watch watch night and day for Oliver, old in crime, he, brave and re-christened, steers in security the Lord Mayor's barge adown the silver Thames, and eats the Lord Mayor's dinner.

Grace. Hush ! I know thy secret, and will keep it, brother.

Rob. We have changed our name, but I have not changed my nature ; and, amidst the baser metal of my soul, one particle of gold has yet existence. Listen : a man may wrong me if he dare, or can, but woe to him who wrongs my sister ! Some one appears. For shame, jade ! thou shouldst be too proud to weep. Away ! [*Exit Grace, R.*] What have we now ? Carnaby—and fine in feather as a peacock. I'll beard and taunt him.

Enter CARNABY CUTPURSE, L. S. E.

Car. I was not wise to rob Hans Holbein of this finery, fit only for a lord ; I must buy a cloak to hide me, lest the city watch should be curious in their questions.

Rob. How now, Master Cutpurse ?

Car. Cutpurse to me ?

Rob. Didn't I see thee, at Horn Fair, do that pure and honest deed upon a gentleman ; nay, was I not thy own companion, and had liked to have been placed in jeopardy,—ay, lodged in gaol, for the keeping of such company.

Car. Thou knowest it was thy accursed advice led me to drink and neglect my father's stall. Thou say'st I cut the purse from the girdle of a gentleman ; my brain was steeped in wine, and, at the time, I knew not what I did. But thou, at least, wert sober, and my friend.

Rob. Sober I was, and was thy friend.

Car. Wert thou my friend? Then how comest thou to stand so idly by and see me do it?

Rob. Master Carnaby, thy sentiments remind me of a toy I bought, when a boy, at the fair of St. Bartholomew—to wit, a wife of gingerbread: the outside shines with gold, but all within is neither more nor less than the wife of gingerbread.

Car. And thou remind'st me of a tomb strewn o'er with flowers. It looks a fair and goodly tomb to view; but what does it cover? Rottenness and corruption.

Rob. Thou shalt wed my sister.

Car. I would, but for one reason.

Rob. And it is——

Car. I should become thy brother.

Rob. If I draw my dagger——

Car. I draw mine.

Rob. Have at thee. [*Chord—they advance upon each other.*] Hold! steel and sinew are uncertain arbiters; I'll battle with thee brain to brain, and beat thee mind to mind. Henceforward I am thy foe. [*Exit, L.*]

Car. I care not; time and circumstance shall prove thee. For what have I to fear? The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me. [*Music—Exit, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Oratory of Mary Gresham by Moonlight—a large Gothic window and balcony looking into the street, L. F.—a chair and table near the flat, R.—the Picture painted by Hans Holbein in the corner, R.*

MUSIC.—MARY GRESHAM discovered sitting pensively, R., gazing on the Picture—the large Cedar Chest, bound with brass, C., near the flat.

Mary. The pencil of Hans Holbein has not drank colour to do its master shame—the likeness is as true as nature is to nature. Unhappy that I am, to harbour in my soul a passion honour, and every other tie, forbid me to indulge. Yet still I love him! Unworthy as I find this Carnaby, he keeps the key of Mary Gresham's heart. [*Lord Chaucer Gascoyne is seen climbing the balcony, L. F.*] Ah! would that it had ceased to beat ere it became a captive to so merciless a gaolor.

Enter LORD CHAUCER GASCOYNE at the window, L. F.

Mary. [*Rising in alarm.*] A man!

Lord C. (c). A nobleman, Chaucer Gascoyne, equerry to Harry the Eighth, and a lord in his own right and title.

Mary (R. C). Why comest thou?

Lord C. [*Kneeling.*] To bend with due humility before those gentle eyes. Ah, let mine ears drink music from thy voice, and hear thy tongue murmur my pardon in a heaving sigh, to say—arise! and wed the lord mayor's daughter.

Mary. Why come ye in the night?

Lord C. Is not the night, when all is dark, far better framed for love than the gay morning?

Mary. I repeat, what would you?

Lord C. In one word, "be my wife."

Mary. In another, "never." Cold-blooded courtier and vain of heart, I hold thee as a fool. Nay, bend not thy brow, proud lord; I give thee back thy scowling glare with interest, and were my arm as strong as my soul is armoured in contempt, our swords should cross, and thou shouldst have stab for stab, for insult offered to an unprotected woman.

Lord C. Thou makest me to smile.

Mary. Were I a man, I'd make thee fly.

Lord C. But heaven hath made thee woman—a kind consenting woman. Fly if thou wilt, but only to one spot—into these arms, for they shall harbour thee.

Mary. My father comes.

Lord C. Then must I go.

Mary. Not by the way you came; if thou attempt'st to cross the corridor, his eye will rest upon thee. Lost! lost! why hast thou driven me to this hour of need? Here and within my chamber, what will the world, my sire, say, if discovered.

Lord C. What he will say is beyond my calculation; what he will do I may suspect; most likely, throw me out of the window.

Mary. A thought—there is mischief even in that.

Lord C. Like the thoughts of most women.

Mary. Hast thou the courage to get into that cedar chest?

Lord C. Anything is better than being thrown out of the window. [*Gets into the chest—Music.*]

Gresham. [*Without, R.*] Daughter, art thou asleep?

Lord C. [*Looking out of the chest.*] Yes, tell him so.

Mary. Down, down, I say! [*She closes the chest, which, fastening with a spring, is heard to clasp.*] Heavens, what have I done? If that my father stay long within the chamber, Chaueer Gascoyne may die from suffocation. He is here. Now, courage, bear me up!

Enter GRESHAM, with a taper, R. U. E.

Gre. I am glad thou hast not retired. This summer night is hot; I could not sleep, and I have come to speak thee.
[*Sitting down on the chest.*]

Mary. Father, a chair.

Gre. This chest will serve my purpose. Ah, Mary Gresham, how much thou'rt like thy mother!

Mary. Father, dear father, the night air blows from the near-by river. Get thee to bed, dear father!

Gre. Thy mother died in the moment thou wert born—thou never had but one parent. Do'st love him?

Mary. Thou knowest I do.

Gre. Then send him not from thy chamber, when he comes to unyoke from the cares of office, and to prattle to thee. Dost mark this cedar chest I sit upon?

Mary. I do.

Gre. Dost know what it contains, or rather what it did contain, for my wealth is now disseminated in building and in land? Girl, it contained my fortune! This cedar chest I made in my apprenticeship—the first and last work of my handicraft; for on the day that I became master of my trade, I finished it—and on the day that I became Lord Mayor of London, I placed it in this chamber.

Mary. Thou wilt be wearied, dearest father. Prithee, to bed.

Gre. My tale draws to an end; its pivot turns upon a chest.

Mary. [*Starting.*] What chest?

Gre. [*Rising and advancing, c.*] A chest that once contained Chaucer Gascoyne, King Harry's equerry.

Mary. [*Anxiously.*] When—where—and how?

Gre. Why, now thou art more in haste to listen to the tale than I to tell it; and now, methinks, it being a tale of gallantry, it might offend thy maiden modesty to hear it. Suffice, a married dame admitted the loose lord. Her husband came—he took to a chest—the chest was taken to the Thames—and——

Mary. Be brief! Be serious!

Gre. I came to be so. Now, listen, Mary Gresham. Thou art the stay of my declining years, the staff on which I lean. Should any harm befall thee, they may toll St. Dunstan's bell, and bid the sexton dig my grave. I have received an offer for thy hand from this same Chaucer. He is a libertine, and would soon pall with thy virtue;

therefore promise—promise me, before my death or after, never to be dazzled by a coronet—never to wed Lord Chaucer.

Mary. I'll promise anything, if thou'lt to bed.

Gre. Say'st thou? Why, then, to bed, indeed. [*Going.*] How like, how very like, thou'rt to thy mother! [*Exit, R.*]

Mary. He is gone! [*Opening the chest.*] And so art thou; Chaucer Gascoyne is dead! [*She lets the lid fall.*] Ho, there! Help! [*She staggers towards the balcony, L. F.*]

Enter CARNABY at the window, L. F.—he rushes forward and receives her in his arms.

Car. Water, and on this table! Fortunate! [*He sprinkles her face.*] She revives!

Mary. Where am I? the saints preserve me—who art thou?

Car. Poor Carnaby.

Mary. What brought thee hither?

Car. The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me.

Mary. I never told thee this.

Car. Thou said'st it in my presence.

Mary. Where wert thou hid to hear it?

Car. At the back of yonder picture, in the chamber of Hans Holbein.—Didst thou say it or not?

Mary. I did say it—and I do love thee—[*Falls into his arms.*] but hold, one thing there is and a fearful one—most horrible—yet thou must do it for me.

Car. Is it dangerous?

Mary. It is.

Car. So much the better, for better can I show my love. What's to be done?

Mary. Open that chest.

Car. [*Opening it and recoiling.*] A man!—a rival!—my blood freezes.

Mary. No, he was not a man; and he must be a man, indeed, to be thy rival: he was a villain, and justly met his fate—wilt take my word?

Car. I will.

Mary. Then drag the chest to yonder portal, hie hence with the body, and see that it has christian burial.

Car. I'll do it. [*Music—He drags off the chest, L. U. E.*]

Mary. I may be saved, and my fair fame unsullied, shine from calumny. Noble Carnaby, my friend, my preserver.

Re-enter CARNABY, L. U. E., with the body on his shoulders.

He comes—beware the city watch, look to thy life, and to-morrow ask for thy reward.

Car. May I say to my heart, the Lord Mayor's daughter loves me?

Mary. Thou mayst.

Car. The Lord Mayor's daughter loves me.

[*Musie—exit Carnaby, R. U. E.*]

SCENE V.—*The Temple Gardens during a Regatta—Gilded Barges on the River—The opposite side of the Coast covered with the Populæe.*

Enter PAMBO, MARK, MAUDE, and BARNABY, L. U. E.

Pam. & Mark. Huzza! long live the Mayor of London.

Bar. There he is!

Maude. Where?

Mark. In the city barge.

Maud. Lauks'e me, is that he? why, he's got a head just like another man. [*Signal—a culverin fires in the distance, L.*]

Mark. A culverin has fired, the boats have started.

Maud. Then let us start for our place in the procession.

Mark. Come along, Pambo?

Pambo. Come along, Mark?

Bar. Hook on my arm, Maud.

Maud. Flutter up, Barnaby.

[*Exeunt Pambo and Maud and Mark and Barnaby, L. 3rd E.*
—*Distant March—The Characters all enter—The Lord Mayor arrives in the City barge.—The Lords conducted by Rob the Rudderman to a place of state.*]

Enter MORRIS DANCERS—Characteristic movements.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Golden Ram at Alsatia or White Friars.*

ROB the RUDDERMAN discovered drinking with HAROLD BELL the CAT, NICK SAUNDERS, TINKER JONES, HUGH HIGHAM, AMBROSE GARDENER, and other Morris-dancers sitting at a table, c., carousing—one or two Soldiers.

Omnes. [*Laughing.*] Hah—ha—ha!

Har. A good gibe of thine, Master Rob, and thou tellest the story well.

Rob. I should tell the story well, if better pleased.

Har. Here's that to cheer thee up, a good fortune and good health to the nuptials of Graec, thy sister, and Master Carnaby, the goldsmith's son.

Rob. Dost thou mean to insult me?

Har. What if I do?

Rob. [*Rising.*] Thou diest.

Har. Oh, then, I don't.

Rob. Carnaby Cutpurse and myself are at feud, and here he comes.

Enter CARNABY CUTPURSE, in a cloak, D. F.

Rob. I turn down my horn and will not drink with him.

[*Turns down the horn.*]

Car. Give me wine—another flask, [*Drinks.*] and another [*Drinking.*]—a toast.

Har. Come, Carnaby, thy toast.

Car. Here's "To the perfidy of woman."

Har. That's an odd toast, but—Here's "To etcetera, etcetera." [*Drinks.*]

Rob. Here's "To the perfidy of man," and as I never mince my words—"To the perfidy of Carnaby Cutpurse."

Car. Thou bravest it rarely because thy luck more than thy skill won the badge at the water-race.

Rob. Thou eanst win nothing.

Car. Thou knowest nothing—I can win a lady's heart.

Rob. Thou win a lady's heart! Laugh at him, lads.

Car. Give me another flask of wine—Why dost thou laugh?

Rob. If a cat may laugh at a king, I, surely, may smile at a Cutpurse.

Car. Take that—

[*Chord—he throws the contents of the horn at Rob—he stoops adroitly, and the Tinker receives it in his face.*]

Tin. No—I have taken that.

Car. Wilt fight?

Rob. At present—no; if my fit of Mars come on, I'll give thee timely warning. When sober, thou'rt but a fool; when drunk, I know not what to call thee—thou win a lady's heart! Ha! ha! ha!

Omnes. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Sober, or otherwise, I've said no more than I can prove.

Omnes. [*Laughing.*] Ah! ha! ha!

Cam. Who will be bold enough to bet a mark I don't bring, before the morning chimes tell out the hour of six, the fairest dame in London town into this black White Friars, and make her own that she loves me.

Omnes. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Rob. Thou?

Cam. I.

Rob. I'll bet thee five to one thou can'st not do it.

Car. Agreed—I'll take thy five to one.

Omnes. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Car. By the hour of six?

Rob. By the hour of six!

Car. I'll do it—not for the wager, but to prove my truth.

Rob. Thy truth! thou art all a lie.

Car. If I do not, thou shalt brand me in the face, and call me villain. At the hour of six?

Rob. At six.

Car. I'd rather lose my head than lose my wager. At the hour of six.

[*Music—Exit, D. F.*]

Rob. He is gone—my curse go with him—we shall meet again.

Har. Why, Rob, thou'rt moody.

Rob. My spleen is gone—let us up, lads, scour the streets and beat the city watch, and then return to meet the crest-fallen vanity of drunken Carnaby. Come, let us be minions of the moon till six o' th' clock, and with a wild halloo salute our silver mistress—hillioh, boys.

[*Music—Exeunt, D. F., shouting.*]

SCENE II.—*The Lea River and Bridge, as before.*

MUSIC.—*Enter BARNABY and MAUDE, L.*

Maude. Well, after all, Barnaby, I'm glad our marriage was put off till to-day; because now we can go and see the water pageant quite comfortable.

Bar. I don't think I shall much like the water pageant, for father made a water pageant of me yesterday, in the Lea river; but here he comes.

Enter PAMBO FEATHERGOOSE, R.

Maude. Well, father-in-law, we are to be married to-day, an't we?

Pam. Yes, thou poor creatures, I wept to think what trouble and pain thou wilt have to undergo.

Bar. Trouble and pain! we expect a great deal of pleasure from it, don't we, Maude?

Maude. Yes, or I am sure I shall be very much disappointed—but what were the particular circumstances that made thee to weep, dear father-in-law?

Pam. When I was peeling the onions—

Enter MARK MINNOW, L. U. E.

Pam. Ah, Master Mark, having settled our differences, there's my hand, and let the marriage take place as soon as possible.

Mark. Yes, with a hook.

Maude. No, father, with a ring.

Bar. Come, father-in-law, just step into the house, and lend me a hand to stone the plums for the plum-pudding.

Mark. Rot your plums!

Pam. Rot our plums! I assure thee they are not rotten, and as for the pudding—

Mark. Hang thy pudding!

Bar. Yes, on a hook, until it boils, and then we mean to eat it. But I'll cut you a bit with no plums, and all suet.

Mark. Keep further off, my good man.

Pam. Good man! what dost thou mean?

Mark. Thon, Master Mambo Jambo Flambo.

Pam. What dost thou mean by calling me a flambeau?

Bar. He calls father a flambeau; won't he sparkle up in a minute?

Pam. I tell thee what, Master Mark Minnow, if thou displeasest me, thou wilt find me vigorous and strong.

Mark. Thou smellest so—faugh!—keep thy distance, dirty fellow.

Maude. Well, if ever—

Bar. What is the matter?

Mark. In opening a pike, this morning, which I caught—

Pam. With a hook?

Mark. Yes, with a hook—I found a ruby ring.

Pam. My ring, by all that's wonderful.

Mark. Yes, with a flutter; therefore, thou cannot but perceive that to ally thyself to a family that have been fishermen on the Lea river for so many years, would only make thee uncomfortable, and cause thee to be insulted every evening in the pot-houses.

Pam. And, pray, who is to marry your daughter?

Bar. Ah! who is to marry my wife?

Pam. The public executioner.

Mark. No, the great Doctor Blister.

Bar. (L.) I feel him on my toe already.

Pam. (L. c.) The doctor, eigh? Ah! it's just the same kind of thing as the public executioner; only the doctor has the best of it, because he is better paid.

Mark. That's a personal reflection on my friend, and if thou say'st that again, I'll knock thee down.

Pam. I do say it again.

Mark. Then down thou goest with a flutter.

Bar. What! hit my second father! I'll masticate thee!

Pam. Keep out of the way!—Stand back!

Maude. What! hurt my beloved parent!—I'll scratch thy eyes out!

Bar. I'll fight for thee, Maudy, dear!

Maude. And I'll fight for thee, Barnaby!

[*Music.*—*They attack them—Exeunt, R. and L., crying,*
“Murder!”]

SCENE III.—*The Oratory of Mary Gresham*—MARY discovered listening at the door, L. U. E.

Mary. Methought I heard the door jar on its hinge! Who comes so early in the morning?

Enter CARNABY CUTPURSE, L. U. E.

Car. I, sweet bird of Paradise! I.

Mary. Thou art drunk! Away, and take thy wages for the service done to Mary Gresham.

Car. Yes, I will take my wages, but not the kind of wages thou hast offered me.

Mary. (R. c.) Stand back! Should'st thou approach me, I'll call the servants of my father up.

Car. (c.) Do call them up, and I will say to them, behold the Lord Mayor's daughter, throughout London celebrated for her charms and virtue; a maid so pure as—as to conceal her lover in a cedar chest! Why, dost thou recoil? shall I call them up, or wilt thou?

Mary. Palsied for ever be thy tongue! Be dumb—be dumb! Heavens! how shall I free myself from this horrible situation? Unhappy one! restore thyself to reason—gaze on the gulf that yawns before me, ere thou eastest me down! What wilt thou gain by my dishonour but remorse? Ah! if it be my heart at which thou aimest, gain the good end by gentleness, and not by conduct to merit both my hatred and contempt.

Car. Wine—wine!

Mary. No, no! I read it in thy countenance—thou wilt not take advantage of that position misfortune now has placed me in. [*Taking his hand.*] Thou hast the form of a man, and cannot be without his feeling. Spare me from the world's cold slander—spare me from shame, and the remembrance of thy generosity shall be graven on my heart! [*Kneeling.*] I embrace thy knees—I cling unto thy garment! In woman's weakness is her strength! do not shake me off; but spare, oh spare mine honour!

Car. Threats I defy—injuries I laugh to scorn; but I weaken at a woman's tear. Arise! now hear me:—I know my brain is heated, yet enough of sense remains to guide my purpose; I will preserve thy honour, upon condition thou preservest mine!

Mary. I do not understand.

Car. I have engaged with a dozen or so of honest fellows to give proof that I possess a fair and noble mistress.

Mary. Go on.

Car. And if, by the hour of six, I do not keep my word, I shall be called a vile impostor, and dare no more to show my face in the streets of London.

Mary. How can I serve thee in such a situation?

Car. Go with me as my mistress and strike them all with wonder.

Mary. Would'st thou—would'st thou, indeed, expose me, and to such men?

Car. Yonder is thy veil, thou canst hide thy face.

Mary. Should any man attempt to lift it.

Car. I'll strike him dead.

Mary. No, no, I cannot.

Car. Then I will raise my voice.

Mary. Hold; I go.

Car. Quick, daylight appears.

Mary. I stay but for my veil, [*Aside,*] and thee, my dagger. [*Secretes it in her vest.*] Remember, no one shall lift this veil, or approach to harm me.

Car. If they do, it shall be over this my body. I will protect thee.

[*Music.*]

Mary. Lead on. [*Aside.*] I will protect myself.

[*Exeunt, L. U. E.*]

SCENE IV.—*Alsatia, as before.*

Enter LORD CHAUCER GASCOYNE, L. S. E.

Cha. I am bewildered! Where have chance and circumstance thrown me? Let me look from the window. White

Friars, as I'm a mortal man;—A place of sanctuary for thieves and cut-throats! How came I here? Ah! I remember, I was concealed in a cedar chest in Mary Gresham's chamber, and must have fallen into a trance—a weakness common to me—and been hither brought for dead. [*Laughing without.*] What have we now? Some villains at their orgies. I'll retire until they are gone, and the coast clear. A friend, a near relation, lost his life in a straight like this, being taken for a spy. A strait, said I—by heavens! when I tread love's path again, I may not find the strait so crooked. [*Exit cautiously, R.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter ROB and his Party, with HAROLD, R. D. F.*

Rob. A man brought dead into the house! Dead drunk, thou meanest.

Har. Another stoup of wine.

Rob. No, I've now done; play is over, and work must have its course. I go to the river to look to the moorings of my barge.

Har. Will Master Carnaby his wager win? Bow Bell will soon be sounding, sir. [*Distant bell.*]

Rob. [*Counting.*] One! not here. Two! not here. Threc, four, five! and not here. Six!

CHORD.—*Enter CARNABY and MARY GRESHAM, L.*

Car. Here he is!

Har. A cheer for Carnaby—he has kept his word.

Omnes. A cheer for Carnaby—Hurra!

Rob. Dog! thou hast won. Down, gold! and I wish thou wert from whence the metal came—under the ground.

Car. Better to be so buried than to be hanged in chains, as thou wilt be.

Mary. [*Aside to Carnaby.*] Let us depart, for this is horrible!

Car. [*Aside to her, L. c.*] A moment. [*To Rob.*] I know not why thou shouldst lose thy temper because thou hast lost thy wager, so I will e'en pick up my winnings and depart.

Rob. [*Placing his foot upon the purse, c.*] Hold! I know not that the wager yet is won.

Har. (R. c.) Nay, Rob, "fair play and a fair field," is my motto; for it is won, and for certes.

Rob. How can'st thou prove that yon seeming female be not a boy in the attire of a girl?

Har. True; how can we prove to the contrary?

Car. My oath.

Rob. An oath from thee is lighter than the air. Look, and observe—they seem alarmed. The greatest proof of guilt is fear. From off that person I will rend the veil.

Cor. If that thou dost, I'll rend thee limb from limb!

Rob. Pinion his arms. [*Music—They seize hold of Carnaby.*] Now, all behold!

[*He rushes to Mary, and snatches at her veil—She stabs him, and he falls.*

Mary. (L. c.) Yes, all behold!

[*Music—They release Carnaby in astonishment, and Mary falls senseless into his arms.*

Har. The City Watch! Fly, brothers!

[*Exeunt hurriedly, D. F.*

Car. What's to be done?

Enter LORD CHAUCER GASCOYNE, R.

Say, wilt thou bear a woman from destruction?

Lord C. If she be pretty—put me to the trial.

[*Music—Lord Chaucer Gascoyne takes Mary from him, and carries her off, R.*

Enter the City Watch, D. F.

City Watch. Who did this murder?

Car. I did it! Show me the way to Ludgate Prison.

City Watch. Bear hence the body.

[*Music—Exeunt Carnaby, D. F., preceded by some of the City Watch; others following, bearing off the body of Rob the Rudderman.*

SCENE V.—*A View of East-Cheap.*

Enter LORD CHAUCER GASCOYNE, R., bearing in MARY GRESHAM, veiled.—Distant huzza.

Lord C. My legs are of the stoutest build, and my lungs none of the weakest, but, i'faith! the length of yonder street has winded me. Ah! yonder are my pursuers! So, they have taken to the right in lieu of the left, and all is right for me. Now, then, to lift the veil, and to feast mine eyes with the beauty of another sea-sprung Venus. Stay, should she be old and ugly—faith, in such a case, I'll leave her to the Christian charity of others, who are both good, and kind, and pitiful. Should she be beautiful, I will take pity on her—even I, myself. Softly—she wakes.

Mary. [*Confusedly.*] Where am I?

Lord C. By my guess, in about the middle of East-Cheap.

Mary. If the folds of my veil deceive me not, thou art Chaucer Gascoyne.

Lord C. I have the felicity to be that gentleman. I prithee, lady, tell me, who art thou ?

Mary. It matters not to thee.

Lord C. Thou art mistaken—it does matter, and much it matters, for I love thee as much as if I had loved thee eighty years. [*Aside.*] Come, that's a long-dated passion, however.

Mary. Eighty years ! Thou mockest me.

Lord C. I beg thy pardon ; eighteen years, I mean. And should you be particular, I'll add a few months extra.

Mary. Say no more.

Lord C. Come, let me lift thy veil, and strike me into silence.

Mary. [*Sternly.*] Stand back !

Lord C. How cruel and unkind. Thus I—— [*Music.*]

Enter RICHARD GRESHAM hastily, L. S. E.

Gre. (L.) Hold off, Lord Chaucer !

Lord C. (R.) The day of chivalry is come again. Behold a knight-errant for distressed demoiselles, in the Lord Mayor of London.

Gre. I shall always fight the cause of oppressed virtue ;—ay, and with greater zest, when the oppressor is a libertine, like thee, and the weaker vessel proves to be a woman.

Lord C. What she may prove to be, I neither know nor care ; but, at present, she has proved to me a deal of trouble. Come, sweetheart——

Mary. (c.) Spare me from shame and insult, if thou art a father !

Gre. Thou hast touched a chord that in thy favour thrills with sympathy. I am a father—a father to a child as near thy form and grace as well can be, without identity. Come, let me lift thy veil.

Mary. Not for the world !

Lord C. By bluff King Harry, wouldst thou lift the veil, and have the impudence to rail on me. For shame, old gentleman.

Gre. The arrow of a fool's wit strikes harmless, if it hit. Lord Chaucer, thou shalt not harm this maiden. Put not thy hand to thy sword.

Lord C. Go to thy desk, and pass judgment on an apprentice of London for robbing his master's till. To thy desk, or to thy bed—it matters not the which to Chaucer.

Gre. The hand that can wield a pen may wield a weapon. A Mayor of London may have manhood in him. I love the damsel with a father's love. [*To Mary.*] Wilt throw thyself on my protection?

Mary. Gladly.

Gre. I cast my robe and dignity aside, and now thy sword may flash in the sun, my lord.

Lord C. Go to thy mason, and bid him build thy monument; go to thy sexton, and bid him dig thy grave. Upon thy guard, Sir Richard Gresham. [*Chord.*]

Mary. Hold!

Enter the SHERIFF of London, and Followers, L. S. E.

She. I say, hold, Lord Chaucer Gascoyne—I arrest thee of high treason.

Lord C. High treason! at whose suit?

Sher. At the suit of Henry, King of England.

Lord C. [*Letting his sword fall.*] Take up my sword; I yield—my life is sped—Henry is tired of my long fellowship, and thus he pays my service; such was the fate of Wolsey, such the fate of all who put their trust in tyrants. Old man, young maiden, both forgive me; I am cut off early, ere all my blossoming sins have come to the full fruits; perhaps it is as well, for providence is just, and thou, do thou take for me the mission I would have sent thy green old age upon——hie thee to my mason, and bid him build my monument. Hie thee to the sexton, and bid him dig my grave. Sheriff, lead on.

[*Music—Exeunt Sheriff, Lord Chaucer, and Followers,*

L. S. E.

Gre. And now, fair maid, whither shall I lead thee?

Mary. To thine own home.

Gre. Mine! who art thou?

Mary. Mary Gresham.

Gre. And is it thou I have saved, my child?

Mary. Yes, it is even I, my father.

Gre. Thou? home! home to our hearth, and thank the heavens for happiness. [*Exeunt, L.*]

Enter MARK MINNOW, gallantly dressed, R.

Mark. I look as gallant in my bravery as most of the other fools of the court, only I feel awkward or so with my arms, and can't keep my hands from paddling about my pockets. I should like to see my old acquaintance; I don't suppose in such a garb as this they would know me.

Here's a coincidence—here they come. I shall astonish them this time, I think, with a hook, and I've a figure that will make 'em all to flutter.

Enter PAMBO, BARNABY, and MAUDE, L.

Pam. I tell thee there are to be fire devils and water devils; in short, there is to be such a masque on the Thames as sun ne'er looked upon.

Bar. (L. c.) I am told that it has cost a mint of money. Lauk! who is that fine gentleman walking about yonder in that ridiculous manner?

Maud. (L). Why, if it isn't my father! After all, he hasn't behaved well to us, so don't let us seem to know him.

Pam. I'll ask him the way to Westminster.

Maud. Ay, do, father-in-law Pambo.

Pam. [*Advancing to Mark.*] Prith'e, Master Tailor, as we have come a long way to see the water pageant, which is the way to Westminster?

Mark. (R). I am not a master tailor.

Pam. Perhaps, then, you are a journeyman tailor?

Maud. Yes, he must be a tailor.

Bar. I can see it in a moment, by the cut of his button-hole.

Mark. What! don't even my daughter know me?

Maud. Certainly not.

Pam. Certainly not. 'Tis a wise child that knows its own father.

Mark. I am Mark Minnow, an esquire and a gentleman.

Pam. Thou a gentleman!

Mark. I'm a rich man.

Pam. A rich man, and a gentleman, are two titles more frequently confounded than they ought to be; a man may become rich nor possess a spark of merit, but without merit he cannot become a gentleman.

Bar. Bravo, father; I'll give thee all my share of the sour milk to-morrow, for thy breakfast.

Pam. Now, cannot we arrange so as to cut in halves our interest in this ruby ring.

Mark. No, I shall keep it all to myself; it is my ring.

Pam. 'Tis my ring.

Maud. It's my ring.

Bar. No, it's my ring.

Pam. I got it off of a pigeon's neck.

Mark. I got it out of a pike's belly.

Pam. I say it's mine.

Mark. And I say 'tis mine.

Enter Herald and Sheriff, L.

Her. [Reading.] "Proclamation and Reward.—This is to give notice, that Henry, King of England, did bet and wager to the Lady Anne Boleyn last night, he would send to Hampton Court from Epping Wood, where now he hunts, a ruby ring, ere she rose in the morning. This ring was placed upon a carrier pigeon's neck, and has by some false and disloyal traitor been taken off and stolen. Should the party, or any other of the parties be discovered, that instant, without judge or jury, will their heads be taken off on Tower Hill."

Mark. It's thy ruby.

Pam. No, it's thy ruby.

Mark. I never saw it before in all my life.

Pam. And I am sure I didn't.

Her. [Reading.] "But if the possessor give it up instantly to the King His Majesty, a hundred marks, with a grant of land, shall be immediately awarded him."

Pam. It is my ring.

Mark. No, it's mine, for here it is.

[Gives it to the Herald.]

Her. Then, follow for the reward.

Maud. And are we to have no share in it?

Mark. We all will share it equally. I repent me of my folly.

Pam. [Throwing his arms round him.] So do I; embrace me, Mark!

Bar. Embrace me, Maud!

Maud. [Rushing into his arms.] Embrace me, Barnaby!

Pam. Embrace me, Herald! [Clasping him in his arms.]

Mark. Embrace me, every body!

[They all surround the Herald, and embrace at once.]

Pam. And now for the reward. But, I say, Master Herald, all this isn't with a hook?

Her. All real gold.

Pam. All real gold! Why, then, our hearts no more shall flutter. Come along, Barnaby!

Bar. [Taking her arm.] Come along, Maud!

Pam. Come along, Mark!

Mark. [Taking his arm.] Come along, Pambo!

[Music.—Exeunt, R.]

SCENE VI.—*Interior of the Mansion, or House of the Lord Mayor.—The Judgment chair, with a canopy over, c.*

The LORD MAYOR discovered seated, MARY GRESHAM standing near him, R.—Guards and Officers of the Household, R. and L.

Gre. I grant thee thy request, it being the final day of this my office—'twill be the last time thou mayst ever see thy father sit in judgment.

Mary. What is the prisoner's name?

Gre. Thou shalt know anon.

Mary. His crime?

Gre. The murder of my steersman, Robert Rudderman, committed in Alsatia—that den of sin.

Mary. I feel anxious to see the prisoner. [*Aside.*] Who can he be?

Gre. Then feast thine eyes, for I hear the clank of his chain. Prisoner, stand forth!

Enter CARNABY CUTPURSE, chained, L. U. E.

Car. (L. c.) I am here, Lord Mayor of London.

Mary. [*Aside.*] Carnaby! and accused of the deed committed by myself! Horrible! I'll stand aside, and note him. He sees me not.

Gre. Thou hast confessed thyself the murderer of Robert Rudderman, the steersman.

Car. I confess that I saw the deed done; and confess, further, I was the cause of the blow being given, though I gave it not myself.

Gre. Dost thou equivocate with us?

Car. Lord Mayor of London, threaten me not, for that is idle. Thou see'st before thee a man come here to die. If death can fright me not, there can be no terror in thy frown.

Gre. If the deed was not done by thee, who, then, did it?

Car. To every question, I reply not; and this is one that gains no answer.

Gre. And did no other eye or person but thy single one look on?

Car. There were two—Heaven and myself!

Gre. If thou art obstinate, knowing so much, by the law of the land, I am compelled to put thee to the torture.

Car. Thou can'st not add to the torture I have already suffered. I have been accused of robbery—surnamed a

Cutpurse—yet I am innocent ! I have brought down the gray hairs of my mother in sorrow to the grave—still am I innocent ! And now do I stand here branded and blamed of murder, ready to die, too, for the crime—for I deserve it ! And yet, High Heaven knows full well, and truly knows, that I am innocent.

Gre. Young man, I am sorry for thee ; but my duty as a judge dries up the fount of pity. [*To the Guards.*] Lead him to the torture !

Car. Lead on !

Gre. Stay—hast thou no friend to speak for thee ?

Car. My friends are dead.

Gre. Hast thou no counsel to plead for thee ?

Car. None ; who will be counsel to a falling man ?

Mary. [*Rushing forward,*] I will ! [*Chord.*]

Gre. Back, daughter, this is indecorous.

Mary. Indecorous ! What, to attempt to save from the gripe of the law and the grave of death a fellow-creature who is innocent ?

Gre. Dost thou impugn our justice, daughter ?

Mary. I do not ; yet a judge himself is but a man, and man may be frail in his judgment. Our annals have writ down that some have died on Tyburn Tree, who have died innocent ; therefore, a judge should ponder well before he sentence pass, lest the prisoner in the dock become the murdered man, and the judge the murderer. [*To Carnaby.*] Wilt thou accept a woman for thy counsel ?

Car. I will.

Mary. Then will I plead for thee. Judge, I would speak with the prisoner.

Gao. Stand apart—be brief and do it.

[*Mary and Carnaby advance, L. C.*]

Mary. How fares it with thee, Carnaby ?

Car. Never so well as now : one only thing saddens my soul before mine eyes close and shut out earth for ever.

Mary. What is it, Carnaby ?

Car. The injuries I have done thee.

Mary. Thou hast done me none.

Car. Nay, Mary Gresham, had I not debased myself by drunkenness, cast off my reason, and brought thee to that fatal spot, this misery ne'er had happened to us. Ah ! Mary, when I am dead, wilt thou come in the gray twilight and put thy slender foot upon my grave, and ponder o'er the dust thou tread'st upon ? psha ! I talk like a fool. Thou wilt be married then, and thy

husband will, if he love thee as I love, be too jealous to let thee come.

Mary. I will never wed, be thou assured of it.

Car. Didst thou ever love me?

Mary. I did.

Car. Then it is hard to die; 'tis not the loss of life for which I wail, it is the loss of thee.

Mary. No, thou shalt not die; I will die with thee—for thee!

Car. No, I must die alone.

Gre. We have waited long—what sayest thou, Mary Gresham, for the prisoner?

Mary. [*Approaching the Lord Mayor.*] That there is no proof.

Gre. Can greater proof be needed, than being found upon the spot? backed by his own confession.

Mary. Hast thou confessed?

Car. 'Tis even so.

Mary. Heaven help us!

Gre. Besides, the prisoner bears a tainted character; well is it known he cut a purse from a gentle's girdle.

Car. Who told thee that foul lie? But now, on the brink of the grave, it matters not—go on, go on.

Gre. If still thou'rt obdurate, lead to the place of torture.

Car. I am ready.

Mary. Stir not a man—of Carnaby touch not a limb—he is innocent—the murderer was a—woman—

Car. She is crazed—believe her not.

Gre. Go on; and the woman's name was?

Mary. Ma—Mary—Gr——

[*Sinks exhausted into the arms of Carnaby.*]

Gre. [*Rising.*] She has swooned—look to my child—guards, do as I bade thee; onward.

MUSIC.—*Enter the SHERIFF, L.*

How now?

She. I have brought a deposition from Rob, thy servant, on his dying bed. He proves that Carnaby did not the murder.

Mary. [*Recovering.*] What wakes me? Musie, sweet music to my soul—Carnaby is innocent!

Gre. Hold! [*Reading*] "*Know, Mayor of London, that Rob the Rudderman, whom you so long have fostered, is neither more nor less than the outlaw Oliver Armstrong, for whose head there*

is a reward of twelve hundred marks ; know further, as I wish to make all reparation, that I, and not Carnaby, robbed the gentleman at Horn Fair ; and he is——

Car. Innocent. [*Mary screams and falls into his arms.*

Gre. Hold ! there is something yet to be bestowed and done. If that thou did'st not do this deed, pri'thee who did ? that I may give to the doer the thousand marks of gold.

Car. Thou said'st the deed was done by a woman, Mary Gresham, may I confess it now ?

Mary. Ay.

Car. Give the reward, then, to yonder lady.

Gre. Thou !

Mary. I ! Mary Gresham, who give both heart and hand, beside the twelve hundred marks, to Cutpurse Carnaby—that is, if he think them worthy of the taking.

Gre. And I from my CEDAR CHEST will take ten thousand more, to dower the Lord Mayor's Daughter.* [*Music.*

Gre. What's this ?

She. The water pageant has commenced.

Car. The water pageant ! In our woe, we forgot our pleasure—onward, my bride ! sound drums and trumpets to the heaven above us.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Officers.

Officers.

LORD MAYOR. MARY. CARNABY. SHERIFF.

R.]

[L.

* This piece may be played, either with or without the pageant : in the latter case it will close here.

THE SILVER PALACE;

OR, THE GOLDEN POPPY.

A MASQUE, OR WATER PAGEANT.

SCENE I.—*The Fountain of Neptune ; or, the Water Gate.*
Music.

Enter QUICKSAND and WATERSPOUT, blowing on conch shells from opposite sides.

Wat. The tide is rising, brother, sound no more,
Quick to the palace, on the coral shore.

Qui. Stay, brother triton, surely you forget
That by the water gate as guards we re set,
Lest stern Volcano from the sky descend,
And seize the maid our master would defend.

Wat. Where dwells the maiden ?

Qui. Where the sun-flower blooms,
And the quicksand the mariner entombs ;
Guarded by Naiades of the green green sea,
Who hold in silken cords her liberty.

Wat. But when to her native earth will she return ?

Qui. When the fire-king's love no more shall fiercely
burn ;

Then unmolested shall she calmly sleep,
Pure as the pearl that sparkles in the deep.
But let's away, and guard our sacred charge—
Volcano's soldiers roam the world at large.
Sound, brother, sound, upon your winding shell,
And then our watch to keep, and keep it well.

[Exeunt, L., the sound of their shells diminishing ; then succeeds pitsicato, or stepping music.]

Enter VOLCANO, beckoning on IRONSPARK, R.

Vol. From realms of flame we come, in glorious state ;—
So! Neptune's fountain, by the water gate ;
Which gate shall open and receive my power,
And Coral Crown shall rue the unlucky hour.

And soon shall sink his head beneath the tide,
To curse the time he woo'd Volcano's bride.
Now for my clue, this scroll will guard me well,
And all the secrets of the labyrinth tell—
Explain each winding of the sea-king's cave,
And tell the mysteries of the booming wave.
Grant, chance, my shield and fortune to be true,
Then ruin, my rival red, waits on you.

Iron. Be calm, great master, there is danger here—
Pause, and reflect, before you point the spear :
King Coral Crown is brave in war, and strong.

Vol. As brave am I, lord of an armed throng.
Above, in yonder thunder-clouds that sleep,
O'er the green bosom of the glassy deep—
Millions await my nod for to descend,
And put my rival's power unto an end :
Besides, to Morpheus' kingdom have I been,
And all the wonders of his realm have seen.
Behold this golden poppy, stolen by me,
Its hidden properties I'll tell to thee :—
If this above my head I sudden raise,
No matter who or what upon it gaze,
But, quick as thought, on th' instant, I command,
Wrapt in deep sleep, before me do they stand.

[*Music,—piano.*

But, hush ! the timbrels from the palace sound,
Hearest thou not music from the hollow ground ?

Iron. I do.

Vol. 'Tis well. Fraud, stratagem, be on my side,
Volcano swears to gain again his bride ;
And thou, thou talisman, be to me true,—
Yes, golden poppy, I rely on you ;
Should you deceive, nor give me back her charms,
Why, then, my sword and shield—to arms—to arms.

[*Trumpet — Loud Music — Exeunt Volcano and Iron-
spark, L.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Crystal Palace, supposed to be
situated in the depths of the sea.*

CORAL CROWN, C. — LUMINA, L. — QUICKSAND and
WATERSPOUT, R. & L.—*Nymphs dancing as the scene opens.*

Cor. Break off the dance ! You were about to speak.

Lum. Alas ! my liege, my woman's tongue is weak.

But as I slept last night by yonder stream,
My mind was troubled with a fearful dream:
Methought, Volcano to the realms of sleep,
By silence shrouded, silently did creep.

Cor. His object, maiden, quickly to us tell.

Lum. To steal the flower by Morpheus loved so well—
The golden poppy, sought by him so long;
The golden poppy, talisman most strong.
If that my dream prove true, and then he come,
He will outdo thee in thy very home;
Strike all thy followers with sudden sleep,
And be himself the monarch of the deep.

Cor. That shall not be. What ho! my friends, come forth;
I know ye well, and well I know your worth.

Music.—*Gives them magic swords.*—*Quicksand and Waterspout advance, c.*

Take ye this glittering steel from hand divine—
Mine is a talisman as strong as thine.
It will defy his charm, and 'twill be vain—
Sleep cannot bind ye in her leaden chain.
Guard ye the rest, I will myself be near,
And should I aught of danger to ye hear,
I'll sound this shell; you'll instant on me wait,
To thrust th' intruder through the water-gate.
Strike up again the dance! sound lute and shell!
Lady, until again we meet, farewell! farewell!

[*Music.*—*He embraces Lumina*—*Exit, L. U. E., motioning off Quicksand and Waterspout, R. and L.*—*Lumina comes down, gives directions for the continuance of the dance, she dancing with the Nymphs*—*At the most interesting part of the figure,*

Enter VOLCANO and IRONSPARK, R.

Vol. Break off!

Lum. Whom do I see so bold?

Vol. The golden poppy, all of ye behold!

[*He throws off his cloak, and elevates the golden poppy.*—*The dance, which till this moment has been going on, immediately ceases, and every figure retains whatever attitude they may be in at the period*—*A pause*—*Lumina standing asleep, c.*

'Tis well—dark sleep your senses shroud.

Now for my army in the thunder cloud!

[*He sounds his bugle; it is answered in the air by a full swell of military Music.*

Faithful and true they on my summons wait;
My bugle once again, and then the gate.

[He sounds; it is answered by the shells of Quicksand and Waterspout without.]

We are discovered—fly with foot of hare!

The Lady Lumina shall be my care.

[He encircles her waist to bear her off.]

Enter QUICKSAND and WATERSPOUT, R. and L. U. E.

Qui. Our master's signal!

How, the Fire-King in our palace! Monster, yield!

Vol. The golden poppy wins for me the field.

[Elevates the flower.]

Qui. Armed with these magic swords, it strikes no awe;
And thus I cast it in the flood. Fly, maidens, fly!

[Exit Maidens screaming, R. and L.]

Qui. *[Casting the flower into the flood.]* Draw, villains,
draw!—

SWORD AND SHIELD COMBAT.

[The fire-fiends are beaten to the knee—Coral Crown rushes between them.]

Cor. What does Volcano here beneath the sea?

Vol. My gauntlet I cast down, and challenge thee.

Let me be free to go above the main,

And in my chariot will I come again.

Vengeance, I pant for thee! for thee I pine!

Wilt try thy element in fight 'gainst mine?

Cor. Go forth—and yonder lady, dazzling bright,
Shall be spectatress of the daring fight.

Vol. Over thy body shall my coursers prance!

Cor. I'll hear no more! The dance! I say, the dance!

[Exeunt Volcano and Coral Crown, L.—Comic dance of Tritons; at the end, thunder and trumpet.—Stage dark on a sudden.]

Lum. A blazing chariot comes! Who does it bring?

Omnes. The Fire-King! To arms! The Fire-King!

[Exeunt Nymphs screaming, R. and L.—VOLCANO descends from the clouds in his chariot—Demons, &c.]

Vol. My foe not come! Wilt yield to my desire?

Lum. Never!

Val. Then perish in a cataract of fire !

[*He waves his sceptre, and a shower of fire descends.*
Where art thou, Water-King, her heart to cheer ?

Re-enter CORAL CROWN, L.

Cor. True to his pledge, the Water-King is here.
Gush, streams and water-spouts, at this my potent spell,
And strike thee, demon, to thy native hell !

[*Coral Crown waves his sceptre—Cataract descends and the fountains play, so as to extinguish the red hue of the Fire-King—The Nymphs and Sea Monsters group, all holding spears over the crouching foe, the Coral King over the prostrate Volcano.*

GRAND TABLEAU.

THE END.

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